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AN AMATEUR CRITIC.

It is a gratifying fact that nine-tenths of the musical critics of the British Press are amateurs. A set of more perfect philosophers could not easily be named. Their souls are devoted to the loveliest of arts—their endeavours are directed to the advancement of artists. The harmonizing influence of music has made them generous and impartial, and the habit of liberality has, by long use, become a portion of themselves. Though it may appear invidious to single out one in particular from so admirable a body, we think when we have named the one we intend especially to apostrophize, our object will be appreciated and our preference applauded. If all the learning and all the virtues of our amateur musical critics could possibly be united in the person of a single individual, that individual would be the hero of our choice, the critic of our idolatry. We have but to name Mr. Jenkins, and a general "amen" must ratify the justice of our observations. A brief record of the career of this quadruply gifted critic cannot be other than interesting to the majority of our readers—however distasteful it may prove to a certain *clique* of "*native talent*" (!) inimical to the peace and sceptical of the qualities of so worthy and intelligent a man. The fragmentary recital which follows, but ill describes a series of events, alike astounding and unprecedented.

Jenkins Greeneyeson A.S.S., was born sometime in the eighteenth century, in some town or village of England or Ireland—but when and where, precisely, antiquarians have found it impossible to decide. This accounts for the fact that no less than three places already dispute the honour of his birth—and doubtless ere the *Great Gun* shall have let off many more volleys, the number will be swelled considerably. No matter—whenever and wherever Jenkins Greeneyeson come into this vale of sorrow, his coming was an event which extended its influence to after ages. It was remarked, as a singular phenomenon, that (before he could walk) the youthful Jenkins was invariably moved to tears by the sound of a drum. This was interpreted by his parents into a predisposition for the military life, and already was his future destiny determined on—Jenkins should be a general. At the age of six, however, a remarkable circumstance happened, which in some degree modified this decision of our hero's parents. While playing at battledore and shuttlecock—an amusement of which, even as a child, Jenkins was immoderately fond—a wasp, annoyed by the boisterous frolics of the merry infant, flew in his face and stung him on the forehead. Jenkins, maddened with the pain, ran to his mother, who was at her needle, and choked with tears, cried—strange to relate, in an extemporaneous distich:—

Mammy—what oo tinkee?
Waspy stingy Jenky!

Astonished and delighted at this unexpected gift of the child, mamma caught him in her arms, and heedless of his cries, covered him with kisses. Then bethinking herself

of the pain he must be suffering, she hastily went to the cupboard, brought out a phial of vinegar, and emptied it over the forehead, eyes, and nose of poor Jenkins, till he screamed and screamed again. Perplexed and sorry—not knowing what next to do—she called the nurse and bade her put Jenkins to bed, and give him a glass of "Prince of Wales' wine"—the maternal synonyme for sennar tea. As soon as papa came home, he was informed of the prodigious occurrence of the day. "What do you think of it?"—said Mamma Jenkins—"so rhythmical, so perfectly poetical—*thinkee, Jenky*—why what could be better?"—"And extempore, really extempore?" enquired papa. "On the impulse of the moment"—rejoined the proud and confiding mother. A pure Alexandrine!"—said papa—"six absolute feet in a line—we were mistaken about the military—the boy will be a poet—you cannot deter nature from declaring herself." "But then"—rejoined mamma, "the drum, what about the drum? You know Jenky always begins to cry at the sound of it." "He is frightened, perhaps, my dear"—"Frightened! Jenkins frightened—Oh no, impossible, or he would be no son of ours—" indignantly exclaimed mamma. "Well then, he must be a military poet—he must write an epic."

The unheard of precocity of Jenkins was the theme of admiration in the whole neighbourhood. At sixteen he commenced the Latin Grammar—but disagreeing with the master about *Hic, Hæc, Hoc*, he abandoned Latin in disgust. A French tutor was then engaged, but Jenkins held the language in contempt, as incapable of Alexandrines, and soon gave that up too.

"*Tant PIRE*"—he was often heard to say—"tant PIRE pour la langue Française." His parents were so enchanted with his progress that they never would send Jenkins to school—which in some degree accounts for the disrespect he afterwards so frequently manifested for Lindley Murray and others of the dry elementary authors. This, however, is almost as much the result of an intensely poetical temperament, which going at once to the bottom of things, holds detail in derision. At the age of twenty-one, Jenkins had completely mastered his horn-book, and his father gave a dinner to celebrate his coming of age. At this dinner were two gentlemen—one a politician, the other a violin player—who talked so much and so much attracted Jenkins, that he soon became their sworn ally, and studied politics with one and fiddled with the other. Both being foreigners, our hero picked up in their society that remarkable mixture of languages, which he so often and so happily employs in his notices of the opera and concerts.

Ten years afterwards, Jenkins, whose acquirements had been ripening ever since, and who in the interval had several times been engaged on the press, went to Spain—professedly as the *homme d'affaires* of Col. De L—y E—s, but positively (with that wild and wonderful energy which sets the conventional virtues of fidelity &c. at naught) as an *e ployé* of the C—s. During his sojourn in that unhappy country, where he narrowly escaped being shot by five different parties, (the profound sagacity of his regard invariably exciting suspicion), Jenkins supplied a London newspaper, of opposite politics to his own *professed* opinions, with information of what was *not* going on, and to the detriment of the liberal cause. The letters (of many of which we have copies) are admirable specimens of political wisdom, terse narration, and eccentric orthography and etymology. At length, Spain being sick of him (too much of a good thing being good for nothing), vomited him forth, one fine morning, into the

Bay of Biscay, and in less than a week, Jenkins once more found himself on his native shore, in the midst of his relatives, friends, and admirers.

About this period Mr. P——l, an amiable man, who had for some time officiated as musical critic to the "*Morning Post*," died suddenly—and Jenkins, with consummate tact, persuaded the proprietor that the best possible judges of music were Carlist emissaries—from their great experience of the effects of drums and trumpets, during association with the Spanish armies. The proprietor, naturally enough, believed him—and forthwith Jenkins was appointed musical critic of the *Post*.

At this point of the career of one of the most stupendous intellects on record, we must pause awhile, lest, dazzled by excess of light, we become giddy, and incapable of the heavy task we have set ourselves—that of sketching the principal incidents in the life of Jenkins Greeneyeson, Esq., A.S.S.

In Jenkins we behold the effects of perseverance and self-reliance (not obstinacy and impudence—quite different matters), on parts naturally brilliant. As a child Jenkins was a prodigy—but the wildest anticipations of his beloved parents could never have dared to look to so lofty a position for him as "*Musical Critic of the Post*." But where there is a will there is a way, and the will of Jenkins, which was indomitable, way'd him into the realization of the square of his father's hopes multiplied by the cube of his mother's aspirations. Looking at him in this lofty eminence, we become dizzy—blind—moon-struck, or rather Jenkins-struck (moon-calf-struck);—scarcely have we power to glance at his past career, and consider the immensity of talent which has thus raised him above—not himself, for that were impossible, but all the rest of mankind. Is Jenkins, indeed, to be regarded as of *man-kind*?—Is he not rather of some other *kind*?—or, better speaking, *kindless*—for who is like to him, or of his fellowship? Whose dogs are we, that should dare even to think, much less write of him? "Sons of burnt

fathers"—he may reasonably exclaim—"Am I not Jenkins—am I not inscrutable?"

But high as this position was, the ambition of Jenkins looked yet higher. Indignant at the misappreciation of the proprietors and readers of the *Post*—who (impious sceptics!) not only had no faith in him, but considered and proclaimed him "a prodigious bore"—he kicked himself (he was not kicked) *out* of the *Post*—and stood fearless on his own legs, independent and defiant of all the world. Sublime self-confidence! He despised the petty accusations levelled against him. He was accused of making the *Post* a vehicle for personal abuse and party feeling.* *He owned it!* He was accused of criticising the persons and attire of female artists instead of their talent.† *He owned it!!!* He was accused of stating that Moscheles, one of the greatest musicians in the world, could not accompany a common Italian *cavatina*, or a horn *solo*.‡ *He owned it!!!!* He was accused of endangering the actual existence of the *Post*, by inserting in its columns (late one night when the proprietor had left the office) an *entire page* of abuse of Professor Taylor—*apropos* of an insignificant glee, which Jenkins declared to be plagiarised from an equally insignificant madrigal (a glee under a hard name) by one Marenzio.§ *He owned it!!!!* He was accused of not knowing the difference between a *Madrigal* and a *Pater-noster*, and of getting a certain learned doctor of music to supply him with all the technical information—reserving the abusive epithets for his own pen.|| *He owned it!!!!* He was accused of misleading the *Post* on all the

* This was the general feeling about the *Morning Post*, when Mr. G. was the critic.

† Poor Madame de Meric, to wit.

‡ See critique on De Meyer's concert.

§ This absurd parade about nothing almost ruined the paper, whose readers cared not a straw about the matter.

|| Dr. Gauntlett was supposed to have analyzed the madrigal of Professor Taylor for Mr. G., who is well known to be entirely ignorant of the science of music.

particulars concerning the late contest for the Edinburgh chair of music, for the purpose of forcing an ally of his own (who assisted him with his musical articles) down the throats of the professors.* *He owned it!!!!* He was accused of having brought the *Post* into ridicule, by discoursing of a dog which held up its tail and barked, at Mr. Potter's concert, instead of noticing the particulars of the concert.† *He owned it!!!!!!* He was accused of coarsely bullying that illustrious musician, when he wrote to the paper to remonstrate.‡ *He owned it!* He was accused of inserting the proceeds of his pen, which were too dirty for the *Post*, in the columns of a respectable (but unread) journal, *The Britannia*, and an obscure and venal periodical brochure, styled (laughably enough) the *Maestro*. *He owned it!!* He was accused in short of a hundred other matters, which fall tended to bring the paper on which he was employed into ridicule and disrepute (some even imagining that he was using the Spanish artifice of deceiving his supposed allies)—and he owned all—all—all!! And he was right. Strong in his unity of purpose—sure of the rectitude of his proceedings—proud in the consciousness of his genius, he scorned the *esoteric* style of writing, and wrote only for the comprehension of the few, discoursing *esoterically* of what Vaninus terms the *effigies rerum*. What cared he for mob approval, so long as he was seen in a box with Duprez? What cared he for honest criticism, so long as he dined with Balfe? What cared he for the reputation of the *Post*, so long as he fed *Punch* and the *Musical Examiner* with matter to make jokes upon? Was not he Jenkins—the universally laughed at—the generally looked at—the individually wondered at—not merely jocular himself, but the cause of jocular in others? “*Momus*” was his name (Jenkins *esoterically* means Momus),

* The Edinburgh affair was a sad blow for the unfortunate *Post*.

† See the ridiculous critique, last summer, on the concert of Mr. Cipriani Potter.

‡ Too true, alas! We cannot exonerate Jenkins.

“*Folly*” was his motto, “*Cap and Bells*” was his crest—and he gloried in the name, the motto, and the crest;—but he gloried *esoterically*, and shook his sides, (as well as the fatness of his brown maturity would permit him), at the egregious credulity of the multitude, who regarded him as TOM FOOL, while he knew himself to be nothing less than SOLOMON.

But Jenkins soon found another reservoir. Having kicked himself (he was not kicked) out of the *Post*, he kicked himself into the temporary management of a new journal, called *The Great Gun*, the report of which was heard in the backwoods of America. The better way to make the fortune of the publishers (Messrs. Palmer & Clayton, Crane Court, Fleet Street), Jenkins advised that the paper should be distributed

PRICE NOTHING!

Thus the amazing sagacity of Jenkins at once, and without difficulty, calculated the value of the periodical. One hundred thousand copies were distributed, price nothing, and in less than a week were recirculated by the butter and bacon shops.

At this point of the career of one of the most stupendous intellects on record, we must pause awhile, lest, dazzled by excess of light, we become giddy and incapable of the heavy task we have set ourselves—that of sketching the principal incidents in the life of Jenkins Greeneyes, Esq., A.S.S. (on the *Gun*).

J. W. D.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS OF THE PAST YEAR.

(From a Correspondent at Boston.)

It is well, as we have reached the termination of another musical season, to recall the doings of that season. The operations of the past year must, in some degree, govern the measures to be taken for the doings of the next. The prospect of success must be predicated on the experience we have gathered; and a sound judgment can be formed only by observing the causes of success or of failure. In no year have there been more signal instances of success, when little was to be expected; and in no former season have greater disappointments occurred, where hope was properly indulged. One of the features of the past year is found in the fact that distinguished talent has frequently been doomed to mortification by the meagre patronage

extended. This is to be regretted, not so much for particular personal disappointment, as for the discouragement it holds out to distinguished artists. The musical public have been gainers in this particular—in the means of improving a correct taste. In that improvement is our security against charlatanism. In recalling the musical doings of the past year, it is proper to consider what has been done by our regular, organized musical associations; what in concerts, and what in publications. During the past season, we have been visited by a great number of professional persons: Mr. Seguin, vocalist; Mrs. Seguin, vocalist; Mr. Shival, vocalist; Mr. Archer, vocalist; Mr. Wallace, pianist and vocalist; Mrs. Watson, vocalist; Signora Castellani, vocalist; Mr. Brough, vocalist; Mr. Ole B. Bull, violinist; Madame Damoreau, vocalist; Mons. Artot, violinist; Mr. Knoop, violoncellist; Madame de Gony, guitarist; Mr. Vieuxtemps, violinist; Miss Vieuxtemps, pianist; Signor Antonini, vocalist; Mr. John C. Andrews, violinist; Miss Jane A. Andrews, vocalist; Mr. Massett, vocalist; Signor Casella, violoncellist; Max Bohrer, violoncellist; Mr. McMichael, lecturer and vocalist. Concerts have been given by Mr. Seguin, Mrs. Seguin, Mr. Maeder, Mrs. Maeder, Signor Rametti, Mr. W. V. Wallace, Mr. Wetherbe, Signora Castellani, Mr. Brough, Mrs. Franklin, Madame Damoreau, Mons. Artot, Madame de Gony, Mr. Knoop, Mr. Vieuxtemps, Mr. Keyzer, Miss Anna Stone, Mr. John C. Andrews, Mr. Massett, Mr. J. G. Jones, Mrs. Fox, Mr. E. Kendall, Mr. Ole B. Bull, Signor Casella, and Mr. Bohrer. To these may be added the concerts of the Hutchinson Family, and Werner Family. Several persons engaged in public performances were before a Boston audience for the first time; Mr. W. Wallace, Signora Castellani, M. Ole B. Bull, Mr. Shival, Mr. Archer, Madame Damoreau, Mons. Artot, Mr. Vieuxtemps, Miss Vieuxtemps, Signor Antonini, Miss Andrews, Signor Casella, Mr. Moreau, and Miss Riddle. The operatic concerts given by Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Maeder, Mr. Shival, and Mr. Archer, Sept. 12th, 15th, and 20th, are worthy of remark, not only for the combination of talent engaged, and for the choice selection of opera music, but for the excellent manner in which that music was given. And yet they were not sufficiently encouraged to proceed in the course, as originally intended. The most successful vocal concerts, in the applause received, and in the numbers present, were the four of Signora Castellani, in October and November. The three concerts given by Mons. Artot, and Madame Damoreau, Nov. 11th, 15th, and 18th, were of the highest order, for their artist-like performance and beautiful finish. But they did not receive the patronage to which their merits entitled them. Mr. Vieuxtemps gave three concerts in this city, Dec. 19th, and 22nd, and May 21st. The admirable performances of this master of the violin were highly appreciated by professors and amateurs, but we are mortified to acknowledge that the patronage he received was not such as should have been given to him. Signor Casella's concert, May 29th, was worthy of notice, for his excellent performance. But at that time, Ole Bull and Vieuxtemps were in the city, and the excitement by the favourites of the old school and the modern school, respectively prevented his attracting a large audience. The five concerts of Ole Bull, May 21st, 23rd, 25th, and 30th, and June 4th, were the most remarkable of the season, for the very large audiences he had. At the last, fourteen hundred and thirty dollars were received, the largest amount ever taken in our city at a concert. It will be seen that the instrumental entertainments of the past season have not only exceeded the amount of former years, but have exceeded the ordinary proportion, as compared with the vocal music. And the marked favour with which the instrumental concerts have been received is a good indication of an improving taste. A

people cannot be said to be disciplined in the true principles of the charming art, or much refined in musical taste, until they can appreciate, to some good degree, the properties of instrumental performances. The concerts, therefore, of the Boston Academy of Music, and of Messrs. Wallace, Artot, Knoop, Vieuxtemps, Keyzer, Ole Bull, Casella and Bohrer, cannot fail to have a most favourable influence on the musical portion of our inhabitants. In the vocal department, the performances of the Handel and Haydn Society are to be noticed in sacred music. Of secular vocal performances, the most distinguished were the operatic concerts of Mr. Seguin, and the singing of Signora Castellani and Madame Damoreau. One of the most worthy features of the season was the successful effort of the Boston Academy of Music to introduce instrumental music of the highest order of composition. In order to this, it was indispensable that an orchestra should be composed of such ample materials and good quality as to present the music properly. An orchestra of thirty-nine instruments, probably the best ever collected in our city, was engaged, having Mr. Keyzer for Leader, and Mr. Webb for Conductor. Ten public performances were had, at which were performed several of Beethoven's Symphonies: No. 1, once; No. 2, twice; No. 5, three times; No. 7, five times. The first performance was on the 25th of November. The last was on the 16th of March. At the last performance, two Symphonies, No. 5, and No. 7, were given. During the season, the following Overtures were also performed, in connexion with the Symphonies; Zampa, Zanetta, La Clemenza di Tito, Le Cheval de Bronze, L'Estocq, Prison of Edinburgh, Der Frieschutz, Le Philtre, Die Felsenmühle, Masaniello, Barber of Seville, L'Italienne in Algieri, La Gazza Ladra, and Le Serment. With these were introduced other pieces of a lighter character, both vocal and instrumental. It was a successful operation, creditable to the Society. It was expected of the Handel and Haydn Society, that they would do something worthy of their reputation, and creditable to the art. And in order to prevent, with good effect, the highest compositions in vocal music, they already had a most efficient choir, and a fine organ, to give chorusses effectively. In making up an orchestra, consisting of twenty-six instruments, a good improvement was made in diminishing the number of brass instruments, and increasing the number of stringed instruments. It gave more sobriety to the accompaniments; and this was in better keeping with sacred music. Mr. Herwig was leader, Mr. Hayter was organist, and Mr. Chickering, the President of the Society, was conductor. Sixteen public performances were had this season, commencing on the 24th of September, and closing on the 21st of April. The following Oratorios were performed: "The Creation," three times; "The Messiah," twice; "David," four times; "The Last Judgment," three times; Rossini's "Stabat Mater," was performed four times, and with each performance a miscellaneous selection. It will therefore be seen that the old Society has done much the past year for the advancement of the art. The Melodeon, where the performances of this Society are given, is undergoing essential changes and repairs, and will, when finished, be one of the most desirable halls in the country, for musical purposes. The Philharmonic Society, an association of young gentlemen, was formed the past season. Being amateurs, and having no personal interest at stake, they engaged an orchestra and vocalists, that a series of concerts should be given, in which the professional musicians should have the whole of the proceeds of the sale of tickets. They gave four concerts: December 9th, December 22nd, January 13th, and January 27th. At the first concert, they were successful in securing the services of Madame Castellani. At the second, Mr. Vieuxtemps, and his sister, performed. At the third, Mr. W. V. Wallace formed the attrac-

tion. This young Society, by its enterprise, secured the confidence of the public. Mr. Maeder, a well known composer and teacher, brought out a new Opera, "The Peri, or the Enchanted Fountain." It was produced at the Melodeon, on the 10th of February. It was brought out without scenery, dress, or action. The libretto is, in merit, much beyond the usual words of opera. The music is of a graceful and popular character. Mr. Maeder more than sustained his good reputation as a composer. The usual course of instruction, in vocal music, was given by the Boston Academy of Music, at the Odeon, commencing August, 22, Messrs. Mason and Webb were the directors. Messrs. B. F. Baker, and J. B. Woodbury gave a course of instruction, in the theory and practice of music. The books of the season, except in sacred music, have been mostly re-publications. The following are the principal. "Prentiss's Pocket Companion," a collection for the flute, violin, flageolet, bugle or clarinet. Henry Prentiss, 33, Court Street. "Keith's Collection of Instrumental Music," Nos. 1, and 2, "Elements of Musical Composition," edited by J. B. Woodbury. Charles H. Keith, 67, and 69, Court Street. "Twenty one Madrigals, Glee, and Part Songs," Lowell Mason, and George James Webb, editors. "Songs of Asaph," No. 1, composed by Lowell Mason. J. H. Wilkins, and R. B. Carter, 16, Water Street. "Young Ladies' Vocal Class Book," edited by George James Webb. Jenks and Palmer, 131, Washington Street. "Bertini's Method for the Pianoforte." The re-publication of this excellent work is the most extensive publishing enterprise of the season.—"Sabbath Evenings," for one, two, three, and four voices, with pianoforte accompaniment, first and second series. C. H. Wade, and W. Oakes, 117, Washington Street. "Czerny's Thorough Bass,"—"Hunten's Pianoforte Instruction Book,"—"Beauties for the Organ," arranged by Joseph Warren. Oliver Ditson, 135, Washington Street. "Baker's American School Music Book. Otis, Broaders, and Co., 120, Washington Street. "Clementi's Preludes and Exercises," for the pianoforte.—"Instruction in Thorough Bass," by A. N. Johnson.—"The Opera of Norma," arranged for the pianoforte. George P. Reed, 17, Tremont Row. This very summary view of the musical business of the past year, is a mere outline, to supply the place of a more particular article. It will be seen that the vocal secular performances of the year have fallen far below the instrumental performances, no operas having been given, and the concerts of the Academy having been of a very high order. To these instrumental performances are to be added the concerts of individual professors, which have made a very distinguished feature in the musical year. In sacred music, the Handel and Haydn Society has done all that is worth naming in that department. That we have advanced in improvement the past year will be seen. The two leading Societies to which we must mainly look for music of the highest order, have not only sustained themselves creditably for the good purposes of the art, but have gained upon the public confidence. To the Handel and Haydn Society, and to the Boston Academy of Music, the public should give that hearty support and encouragement, which they need to repay that support and encouragement in the best performances. Their object is, to improve the public taste, and in this they have been successful. It is to be hoped they will use increased exertions for the coming year.

THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

(By an American.)

Continued from page 373.

"On arriving at Bologna, he went to see the celebrated Father Martini, without making himself known, and begged to be received into the number

of his pupils. Martini gave him a subject for a fugue, and finding that he executed it in a superior manner, 'Who are you?' said he, 'are you making game of me? It is I who need to learn of you.' 'I am Jomelli, the professor, who is to write the opera to be performed here next autumn, and I am come to ask you to teach me the great art of never being embarrassed by my own diens.'"

There seems to have been no time in Bach's life when he needed to have asked this question, the great one which Genius ever asks of Friendship. He did not need to flash out into clearness in another atmosphere than his own. Always he seems the master, possessing, not possessed by, his idea. These creations did not come upon him as on the ancient prophets, dazzling, unexpected, ever flowing from the centre of the universe. He was not possessed by the muse; he had not the intervals of the second sight. The thought and the symbol were one with him, and like Shakspeare, he evolved from his own centre, rather than was drawn to the centre. He tells the universe by living a self-centred world. As becomes the greatest, he is not hasty, never presumptuous. We admired it in the child Mozart, that he executed at once the musical "tour de force" prepared by the Emperor Francis. We admire still more Bach's manly caution and sense of the importance of his art, when visiting, at an advanced age, the great Frederic, who seems to have received him king-like.

"The musicians went with him from room to room, and Bach was invited everywhere to try and to play unprepared compositions. After he had gone on for some time, he asked the king to give him a subject for a fugue, in order to execute it immediately, without any preparation. The king admired the learned manner in which his subject was thus executed extempore; and, probably to see how far such art could be carried, expressed a wish to hear a fugue with six obligato parts. But as it is not every subject that is fit for such full harmony, Bach chose one himself, and immediately executed it, to the astonishment of all present, in the same magnificent and learned manner as he had done that of the king."

The following anecdote shows the same deeply intellectual modesty and candour, and when compared with the inspired rapidity of Mozart, marks the distinction made by the French between "une savante originalité" and "une rayonnante originalité."

"He at length acquired such a high degree of facility, and, we may almost say, unlimited power over his instrument in all the modes, that there were hardly any more difficulties for him. As well in his unprepared fantasias, as in executing his other compositions, in which it is well known that all the fingers of both hands are constantly employed, and have to make motions which are as strange and uncommon as the melodies themselves; he is said to have possessed such certainty that he never missed a note. He had besides such an admirable facility in reading and executing the compositions of others (which, indeed, were all easier than his own), that he once said to an acquaintance,

that he really believed he could play everything without hesitating, at the first sight. He was, however, mistaken; and the friend to whom he had thus expressed his opinion, convinced him of it before a week was passed. He invited him one morning to breakfast, and laid upon the desk of his instrument, among other pieces, one which at the first glance appeared to be very trifling. Bach came, and, according to his custom, went immediately to the instrument, partly to play, partly to look over the music that lay on the desk. While he was turning over and playing them, his friend went into the next room to prepare breakfast. In a few minutes Bach got to the piece which was destined to make him change his opinion, and began to play it. But he had not proceeded far when he came to a passage at which he stopped. He looked at it, began anew, and again stopped at the same passage. 'No,' he called out to his friend, who was laughing to himself in the next room, at the same time going away from the instrument, 'one cannot play everything at first sight; it is not possible.'

(To be continued).

REVIEW.

"Weep, daughter of a fallen race."—Words by Miss G. M. STERNE.—Music by J. F. FORSTER.—(Jefferys & Co.)

THERE is the feeling of a good harmonist about this song, and the melody has character. The accompaniment is generally so carefully written that Mr. Forster will excuse us objecting to a solitary point—the bare fifth in bar 3 of the first symphony, which may be easily avoided by adding G natural to the chord of the 6-4 on E (which saves another objectionable point—an unaccented 6-4), and F to the chord of the 5-8 on D. We also must tell Mr. Forster that his melody wants half a bar more to make it rhythmical. Thus in the last bar of the melody (page 2, line 2, bar 3) instead of at once taking the notes E, F, G, it would be better to take C, D, E, and then E, F, G—so making the rhythm complete. A really good song such as this, merits the trouble of a few trifling emendations in order to render it faultless. Will the composer take advice offered candidly and kindly? The authoress of the words, which are very good, is a descendant of the celebrated Sterne.

"Vive la Polka"—quadrille brillant.—CAMILLE SCHUBERT.

"Repertoire des Salons de Paris"—cinq Polkas.—CAMILLE SCHUBERT.—(R. Cocks & Co.)

THE first of these is a set of quadrilles likely to monopolize the greater part of the popularity of approaching Christmas. The best of all the Polka tunes—including two by Lanner, one by Strauss, the well known Baden, Baden (or opera) Polka, and an original by the arranger—have been selected and admirably adapted as quadrille figures. We are as pleased as

any can be with tunes fresh and rhythmical, like these—and as we always commend things that are appropriately fitted to a given object, we cannot but recommend these quadrilles as the most effective we have seen for many a day.

The "Repertoire des Salons" has already been favourably noticed by us. We find that our prediction has been realized, since a second edition has already appeared. The five most popular polkas are included here.

"Hamilton's Catechism of the Rudiments of Harmony and Thorough Bass."

"A Key" to ditto.—(R. Cocks & Co.)

THE usefulness of these excellent little works, the best of their kind and bulk, is plainly manifested by their popularity. The edition before is the tenth. We have little doubt they will reach the twentieth—before many years have elapsed.

"Still Live on"—(vocal gems of Anna Bolena) arranged by S. NELSON. (S. Nelson).

THE popular cavatina, "Vini Tu," adapted to very nice and appropriate words and arranged with a pianoforte accompaniment, which is at once easy and unobjectionable. To the admirers of this air, who are not Italian scholars, the present edition will be very serviceable.

"The days that ne'er return"—song, JOHN BARNETT. (Chappell).

A MELODY at once graceful, vocal, and original. The accompaniment is also free from common place—smooth and well suited to the melody. In page 3, line 1, bars 3, 4—we object however to a ninth on D going to a six four on G—and in page 3, the last line, we are not satisfied with bars two, three, where a sixth on C natural, followed by a common chord of A with a major third, involves a disagreeable false relation, between C in the bass of the first chord and C sharp in the melody of the second;—moreover we do not think D, C sharp, A, B, is properly accompanied by the common chord of A, especially when the harmony changes in the next chord. However these are but trifling blots on a very charming ballad.

"Jullien's celebrated Polkas," Nos. 1 to 3. (Jullien).

IF celebrated mean popular then are Jullien's Polkas thrice celebrated. The popularity of the first of these, "The Original Polka," is so extended that it precludes the necessity of our saying more than that it merits its success. No. 2, "The Royal Polka," is brilliant and lively—No. 3, "The Drawing Room Polka," though not so entirely new, is quite as

frappant and ear-tickling as either of its predecessors. Jullien is a lucky man—but as a man who thoroughly knows his business, we neither envy him nor object to his exceedingly general appreciation. In some particulars it were difficult to go beyond him—in others it were easy enough. It is unnecessary to specialize.

"Mary Dear"—ballad—H. C. LANN. (Jefferys & Co.)

A MELODY somewhat in the Irish style, but graceful and sentimental. The accompaniment betrays considerable taste, and the whole shows a desire to avoid the beaten track. We have only one objection to make. In our opinion the progression to C minor (line 3, page 2) would have been better had the chord of C minor been deferred until the end of the phrase—which might also have saved the somewhat unsatisfactory proceeding of having the chord of the 6, 5, 3, on B natural go to the 6, 4, on G.

"My own dear Home"—Romanza—ROBERT BARNETT. (Coventry & Hollier).

WE spoke favourably of this in our notice of one of the concerts of the "Society of British Musicians." It is the work of a musician of taste and feeling, and is quite out of the range of the ordinary ballad compositions of the day. The sentiment is melancholy without being sickly—and the melody and accompaniment are equally uncommon. We only object to a needless progression into B flat, in page 2, line 1, bar 4, which sounds abrupt, and might have been advantageously eschewed;—but where shall we look for perfection.—

"Melodies."—Poetry by MAGGIONI—music by JULES DE GLIMES.—(Leader & Cock.)

THIS is a song divided into three parts, and a coda embodying a considerable portion of the first. It is highly finished and musician-like. The first part is a charming strain, *à la suisse*, in A flat, accompanied by some very rich and elegant harmony. We should like it better without the flat ninths and flat sixths (the F flats), which we think, in some degree, spoil its freshness—but this is emphatically a matter of taste. The second portion of the song, in F minor, is passionate and striking; the accompaniment is bold and effective. (Here we like the F flats). This modulates into a simple and exceedingly pretty episode in A flat, the melody of which is wholly in the accompaniment—the voice having nothing but tonic and dominant notes to sing. The effect is piquant, and slightly recalls to us a passage of a similar nature in Beethoven's *Leider Kreiss*—a very good thing to emulate, and no discredit to M. de Glimes.

The song concludes with the resumption of the first subject *notatim* (with the F flats as before). This composition is highly creditable to M. Jules de Glines, both as a melodist and a skilful artist. A *contralto* voice is necessary for its due effect.

"*Art thou in tears,*" — ballad — F. N. CROUCH, (Duff & Hodgson).

THIS is one of the most effective ballads that have proceeded from the pen of Mr. Crouch. The air, in F, is studiously simple, and the accompaniment is unaffected and easy. Nothing could be more admirably appropriate to the sentimental character of the words. This ballad is intended for a low *contralto* voice, and would hardly fail of appreciation in the hands of a vocalist like Miss M. B. Hawes.

"*The Fairy's Flight*" — *Cavatina*. — C. E. HORN, (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell).

DECIDEDLY Mr. Horn may be styled without offence to any other, King of the *Cavatina*. Who has produced anything of its kind to surpass "The deep, deep sea," and a few others of like sort? If not equal to the best things he has written, the present *Cavatina* is, at least, sufficiently graceful and ingenious to enforce general admiration. The melody is so quaint and sparkling, that no ear at all amenable to the influence of music but must listen to it with delight—and the accompaniment, enriched by harmonies that equally refine and support it, every where bespeaks the musician. To conclude—no collection of Mr. Horn's *Cavatinas* (and every musician should possess them as models) can be complete without "The Fairy's Flight."

MISCELLANEOUS.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.—Sig. Michael Costa (pupil of the great Tritto) is appointed Conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts for the whole of next season. Let us hope the directors will find him attractive. We cannot but think Jullien, the more popular man of the two, would have been a better choice. MR. BALFE was presented with a silver breakfast-service, at his benefit on Saturday night. The idea originated with Mr. St. Leger, an amateur, and an enthusiastic admirer of Balfe, who also set the subscription on foot, and materially aided its progress. SIGNOR SCHIRRA has been appointed musical director at Drury-lane Theatre, in place of M. Benedict, resigned. THE MELOPHONIC SOCIETY give the *Messiah* on Monday evening, at Wornum's Rooms. MAD. GRADINI (formerly Miss Graddon) gives a concert on Tuesday evening, at the Princess's Concert Room. EXETER HALL — to-morrow evening Handel's *Messiah*. SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS — fifth *soirée* to-morrow evening. MAD. DULC-

KEN's second *soirée* passed off with great *clat*, on Wednesday evening week. We shall make the third the subject of our leading article—it takes place on Wednesday. Miss DOLBY and Mr. John Parry give a concert together, at Croydon, for this evening. Miss BINFIELD WILLIAMS gives the first of three *soirées*, at Blagrove's Rooms, on the same evening. Mr. C. G. ROWE is giving a series of excellent entertainments at the Eastern Literary and Scientific Institution, with great success. We shall notice one in detail very shortly.

Notice to Correspondents.

A press of matter, and the number of advertisements, necessitate the deferment till our next of many matters of interest. Our kind Correspondents must excuse the delay. THE FIRST NUMBER IN JANUARY, "THE MUSICAL WORLD" WILL BE ENLARGED.

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THIS EVENING, THURSDAY, Dec. 12th, two solos by Signor SIVORI, viz., the 1st part of Paganini's grand concerto, "La Clochette," and the prayer from "Mosé in Egitto," with variations on the 4th string.

TO-MORROW, FRIDAY, Dec. 13th, two solos by Signor SIVORI, viz., the 1st part of Sivi's grand concerto, No. 1, and Paganini's adagio a rondò, "La Clochette" (2nd part).

On SATURDAY, Dec. 14th, two solos by Signor SIVORI, viz., the 1st part of Sivi's concerto, No. 2, and Paganini's "Thème Burlesque," the Andante and "Car-nava de Venise."

The favourite pieces of the season, viz., the Welsh Quadrille, the Polka, the Post Horn Galop, &c., will be played on each evening; also solos by HERR KUNIG, M. BAUMANN, MR. LAZARUS, M. BARRET, MR. CASE, M. PROSPERE, &c., &c.

Prices of admission as usual.

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ANTHEMS.

HENRY VIII. O Lord, the Maker of all things.
TALLIS I call and cry.
TYE I will exalt thee. Sing unto the Lord.
FARRANT Call to remembrance Hide not Thy thy face.
BIRD O Lord, turn thy wrath. Bow thine ear.
SING joyfully.
GIBBONS Hosanna. Lift up your heads. Almighty and everlasting God. Oh, clap your hands! God is gone up (Second part).
BATTEN Hear my prayer. Oh! praise the Lord, all ye Heathens. Deliver.
CHILD Praise the Lord, O my soul. O Lord, grant the King. Sing we merrily.
ROGERS Behold! now praise the Lord. Teach me, O Lord!
BLOW God is our hope and strength O God, wherefore art thou absent! Save me, O God! The Lord hear thee. My God, my God!
ALDRICH Out of the deep. Oh, give thanks.
CREIGHTON. I will arise.
PURCELL O God, thou art my God.
O God, thou hast cast us out. O Lord God of hosts.
GOLDWIN I have set God always before me.
CLARK Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem.
CROFT God is gone up with a merry. Put me not to rebuke.
WELDON I beseech Thee, O Lord. Hear my crying.
LAWES The Lord is my light.
LOCK Lord, let me know my end.
HUMPHRYS Have mercy upon me. O Lord, my God.
BLOW I was in the spirit.
WYSE Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Awake, put on thy strength.
PURCELL Thy way, O God. Be merciful.
CLARK How long wilt thou forget me?
CROFT O praise the Lord, all the Heathen. Give the King thy judgments.
BULL O Lord, my God.
HUMPHRYS Thou art the King. Like as the hart. Hear O heavens. Rejoice in the Lord. Hasten thee, O God.
WISE The ways of Zion do mourn. Thy beauty, O Israel. Awake up my glory. Blessed is he that considereth the poor.
BLOW O Lord, I have sinned. O sing unto God. O Lord, thou hast searched me out. I beheld, and lo! a great multitude.
TURNER Lord, thou hast been our refuge.
PURCELL Behold, I bring you glad tidings. They that go down to the sea in ships. Thy word is a lantern under my feet. O give thanks unto the Lord.
CLARKE I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.

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